

Mass Effect: Intertwined History

by Artificial Care

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Summary: Just 10 years after the Interplanetary War, after Humanity is unified under the UNSC, do they meet the Turian Hierarchy in the First Contact War. After being introduced to the Galactic Community and technology which will allow them to colonize other systems, what effect will the early Halo Humanity have on the galaxy? Will they be prepared for the trials to come?

1. Chapter 1: Interview

****Disclaimer:** I do not own Mass Effect or it's inherent themes. Anything in this story is of my own making without the goal of financial gain.**

****AN:** ****For starters let me introduce myself. My name is Artificial Care. My goal in this story is to provide something entertaining for yourself to read and hopefully improve my writing skills. This piece of fiction will take place just after the Interplanetary wars in the Halo time line. Before the development of the slip-space drive. Now without further ado, I give you the first chapter to . . .**

****Mass Effect: Intertwined History****

****Chapter 1: Interview****

"_History is written by the victor" - Winston Churchill, World War II._

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****Date: **2180 CE (Council Era)**

****Location: **The Citadel, C-Sec Interrogation Room**

The Citadel Spectre enters the Interrogation room. Eyeing her target she prepares herself for the questioning. A lot had happened recently, the Turian Hierarchy has a lot to answer for. From what

could be gathered about the conflict, they had attempted to conquer and subjugate a newly discovered young race to step into rank and file beside the Volus client race. They had failed and the Council requires answers to how the largest, most advanced and best trained military in the galaxy had failed.

The most valuable information required being about the Humans themselves. She has to get these answers so that the Citadel Council can make a decision on the next course of action.

The Turian sat in his chair, watching her carefully. No doubt nervous as to what more could be asked of him. To suppress his fears she moved first.

"Lieutenant Cinderion, I'm a Citadel Spectre. Tela Vasir" she says bowing her head slightly to show she has no hostile intent.

"A Spectre? Why would they send a Spectre?" he asks, his voice betraying the little amount of fear in his voice.

Everyone knew that the Spectre's are the right hand of the Council. Instruments of their will and are allowed to operate above the law. It did not take much for a Councillor to issue an order to kill him and it could be done without impunity.

"Well, the information the Council wants can only come from one source, you" she struts around the room, further pushing herself into the superior position "I am authorised to ensure that information is accurate, by _any_ means necessary"

She allowed the situation to sink into his head, hopefully to spur him into action and speed things along.

"You see, as the only surviving officer of the Turian incursion into the Human home system. You have the most valuable Intel on this new race." she takes a breath, sitting down in the chair opposite the Turian. "Intel that will help the Council make a proper and informed decision about the next steps to take"

"What do you want to know?" asks Cinderion as he leans forward and clasps his hands together.

Tela Vasir activates her omni-tool to begin recording the information in an appropriate manner.

**First off, how did the 11th Expeditionary Fleet of the Turian Hierarchy discover Humanity?**

(Laughs) Well, when the order came through from the Council to activate the mass relay of course. We proceeded through the relay and once we regrouped on the other side we began our standard procedure.

**What is Turian standard operating protocols once entering a newly discovered system?**

You know very well what it's like. Very much like the Citadel standard operating procedure. Once in we began to scan on all frequencies for radio transmissions of any kind and the sweep of the system, mapping it as we go, etcetera.

**So, if Turian procedures are very similar, why did the commanding officer, a one General Jihirix, order the subjugation of Humanity? Instead of bringing this new information directly to the Council?**

As I have stated a hundred times before to other interrogators. They are similar but not the same and the Council knows that. Turian standard operating procedure dictates that we assess the species for possible integration into the Turian Hierarchy. If they will be a great benefit to the Turian people and by extension the entirety of the Citadel aligned races then we are to subjugate them. Once integration is successful then we will begin to let them back to their cultural history.

**So the General deemed Humanity to be a capable race. Capable enough to fight over them with them. Can you blame them for their retaliation against your attack?**

No I don't. But you didn't see it. You weren't there. After we made contact we discovered they had colonized the majority of their system without the use of element zero. That is by no means an easy feat. No known race has done this without the use of mass effect fields. Not only that but they had vessels that could travel fast without the use of mass effect fields either. Although they don't have any method of FTL yet.

**So you thought that this race could bring a great advantage if they were, used properly?**

Exactly! These Humans have developed independently from mass effect technology. Which in comparison makes them less advanced but by all means, their technology works well without it. Although, now that they do know about it, it makes me wonder what could come next.

I mean, they have built orbital elevators on their home world. A cheap method of transporting materials from the planet to space without the use of mass effect fields. That feat alone should give you an idea of their engineering capabilities. Another thing no other race has created.

**The way you keep talking about them makes you sound like a maiden in love. Care to explain?**

Well, from a technical stand point. They have done in a mere century what has taken other races centuries to accomplish. Within 100 years of committing to extra-planetary colonization they managed to reach the outer edges of their system and colonize it fully. Give or take a few moons of their gas giants.

**Fare enough. Actually, what can you tell me about their solar system?**

_We know that they call it Sol for starters. We came out next to a dwarf planet on the edges of the solar system. Named Pluto by the Humans, it had a sizable colony of roughly 15,000 individuals. As we moved further inwards, we discovered 4 gas giants in their system. Enough helium -3 mining to last centuries, millennia even. As we moved closer in system we discovered 4 planets. The 3rd closest to the sun is their home world. Highly developed for their pre-mass

effect state._

**Records show that because of your actions when entering the system, by causing the dormant mass relay to become active, you had accidentally caused the death of at least 200 Human beings.**

Yes that is true and we apologized for that unfortunate accident. The mass relay had become encased in ice you see and they had established a small outpost on it which they had assumed was a moon. But once contact had been established we discovered something frightening. Something worth to forget about that apology.

**Yes, the Council want to know what the 'Catalyst' to the conflict was.**

They have already created Artificial Intelligence's so extensively in fact, that they have their own personalities preferences you name it. We recognized the threat to the galaxy and we moved to terminate it before it could become a full scale conflict.

**Is that why your fleet disregarded the Citadel Conventions and used orbital strikes on not just their home world. But almost every colony they had throughout the Sol system?**

_It was deemed necessary. For the good of the greater galactic community. Better to sacrifice the few so that the many can live. When we ordered them to shut down their Artificial Intelligence's they refused. We opened fire and they retaliated. They did not have space combat worthy vessels however so it was pretty one sided until
. . _

**Until? When did they gain the upper hand?**

They had orbit capable craft and a multitude of space combat worthy fighters and a new vessel type we had not yet encountered in the history of the galaxy. Once they understood our tactics, they quickly adapted and took control over the situation.

**But surely your force was large enough to destroy their primitive vessels?**

It's true, we had enough vessels to take on a Krogan fleet. The Humans didn't even have kinetic barriers to help defend their ships but they met us in battle nonetheless.(He lowers his head in shame)

On all accounts we should have massacred them. They didn't even have mass accelerator cannons but they won anyway.

**What can you tell us about their naval tactics?**

_Unnervingly similar to Turian tactics. They met us on every world we attacked. Both on the ground and in space. They massacred us on the ground while we smashed them in space. But our fleet sustained heavy losses too. By the end, when they regrouped to push us out of the system, we were vastly outnumbered. _

We had underestimated them.

_Their Carriers launched thousands of fighter craft which overwhelmed

our defenses and slaughtered our ships like in the previous engagements. When command fell to me after my superiors had died, I ordered the retreat._

**How did your superiors die?**

When I said before that they were overwhelming our forces that was true. But during their last push we had almost exhausted them. Their last ships met us and we almost had them. But they deployed Nuclear weapons for spirits sake. This didn't just happen in space, they deployed them on the worlds we were winning on.

**Were they garden worlds?**

No, they were desolate but held significant populations nonetheless. It was a cowards tactic, using nuclear weapons. We SHOULD have bombed them back to the stone age and the Council SHOULD have let us!

**That's not your decision to make now is it? I mean, in the Rachni Wars we used nuclear weapons on them, in the Krogan Rebellions your kind did the same.**

That was for the good of the galaxy and you know it! How dare you slander my ancestors and even your own!

**I can slander whoever I damn well please. Now sit down Lieutenant. I think that's enough for that line of questioning.**

Well, what's next?

**What can you tell me of their Artificial Intelligence's?**

Whenever we were in range of their ships or even their colonies. Their AI's practically walked straight passed our cyber-warfare defense suites. They turned off our artificial gravity, switched off life support and even disabled our weapon systems. This was to no doubt disrupt our capabilities. We had to destroy their ships and facilities which housed these AI's to put us back to fighting strength.

**Did it ever occur to you to just explain about the Geth**** and the mourning war?**

We did. They wouldn't listen to us, just like the Quarians didn't. So we decided what any good adult does to a child who is playing with a dangerous toy. Give them a time out and destroy the toy.

**Talk about understatement. You invaded their society, everything they knew and now you may have burned Xenophobia into their mindset.**

All just speculation on your part. We knew what would have happened if we had done nothing. What intrigues me the most is that once I had issued the retreat order, they pulled back. They allowed us to retreat. What kind of insanity is that?

**Different species have different ways to wage war. Perhaps they do not fire on an enemy who has given up?**

Perhaps, or maybe they were afraid we were leading them into a trap. I mean we did leave warp bombs behind. Maybe they detected them? I don't know. I don't know anything outside of my cell and this room for the past 2 weeks. When will I be released?

**Not yet, but very soon. (Takes a deep breath) We're done for the day. I suggest you get some sleep and get your facts straight for tomorrow.**

Switching off her omni-tools recording application, Tela Vasir took one last look at Lieutenant Cinderion.

"Off the record. Are these Humans dangerous?" asks Tela Vasir

"Off the record? Put it on the record. Mark my words they are as belligerent as the Krogan and as stupid as the Quarrians. They will bring our downfall if we don't do something now" replies Lieutenant Cinderion, the seriousness in his voice unnerving the Spectre.

Perhaps it's PTSD or he may be onto something. I don't know, but there's only one way to find out.

"We'll meet again tomorrow at the same time" replies Tela Vasir as she leaves the room, heading for the Council chambers to deliver her report.

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**Location: **Council Chambers

Tela Vasir rises the stairs to the Council, who are awaiting her report. Right now she can hear them conversing about the newly discovered race. Politicians always find a reason to argue, whether or not an argument is needed, there is always an argument. She remembers climbing these steps for her Induction into the Spectre's 300 years ago. As a maiden she had not been as stupid as most of her kind who join mercenary bands and cause trouble in the Skyllian Verse, Attican Traverse or even the Terminus Systems. She had never become an exotic dancer like most of her friends. She Joined the Asari Military and became a professional huntress, not like the pretenders who join mercenary bands.

She had spent a hundred years honing her skills, beating her instructors at the training. Her prowess in battle eventually became recognized by the Council and asked her to become a Spectre. She had been overjoyed at the time, she remembers that feeling vividly. Becoming a protector of the galaxy, the first and last line of defense for the entirety of Citadel Space.

She moves over to the petitioners stand to give the information she had gathered today directly to the Council.

". . . Just look at them! They've built orbital elevators. Such engineering had been deemed to costly after we developed mass effect technology and these Humans have thrived on things we have deemed too costly." says Councillor Forvan, the representative of the Turian Hierarchy in either jealousy or awe, or both.

"Yes we have overlooked this information a dozen times over. What do you expect to find by constantly looking?" asks Councillor Tevos, the representative of the Asari Republics in a tired tone. "We know that they have accomplished quite a lot in their brief existence as a space-faring species. Continuing to state the fact won't change it."

"The interesting factor here is there rate of technological progression" exclaims Councillor Binthus, representative of the Salarian Union. "In comparison to our species models of progression I'm putting on your terminals now you can see what I mean"

The other 2 took a look at the terminals and answered quickly.

"The implications of this are. . . disturbing. I assume that this is before we had found element zero and mass effect technology?" asks Tevos

"No, these are scales in comparison to us now" replies Binthus with the hard hitting truth.

The Councillors sat in quiet contemplation for a few brief moments as the realization sunk into them. If the charts were correct, the only thing stopping the newly discovered race, Humanity, from leaping past the Council in technology. Is the lack of element zero and a feasible FTL method. Of which they could possibly solve themselves.

Tela Vasir Coughs to catch their attention.

"Ah, Spectre Vasir. Good to see you again" greets Tevos to her fellow Asari.

"Have you learned anything else from the interrogation?" asks Forvan, the irritation in his voice becoming more present as time goes on.

"Nothing that we don't already know. Except with a twist of racism and personal bias." replies Vasir as she uploads the information to them. "I don't see what the fuss is about. Could you fill me in Councillor's?"

"Apart from beating a millennia old military that is the most advanced, best trained and largest in the galaxy? I can hardly see what could grab someone's attention." Forvan snaps, he lowers his head and shoulders "These _Humans _beat us without mass effect technology. In space and on the ground"

"Isn't that in due part to their Artificial Intelligence's though?" asks Vasir

"Yes! How could I forget" quips Forvan "I've been trying to convince the Council to invade and remove that threat before it becomes too large to contain" he turns his head to the other 2 Councillors "But these idiots want us to make peace with them and play nice" he says in disgust.

"Councillor, you know as well as I do that we don't have enough evidence to put blame on either the Quarians or the Geth for the Mourning War. Our predecessors have acted too rashly in the presence of Artificial Intelligence's" replies Tevos, trying to keep a level

head.

"Yes, we haven't had extensive contact with an artificial intelligence at all." states Binthus "Perhaps these Humans have succeeded where others have failed?"

"All that matters for now is that we ensure no more ships venture past the relay into their home system." Tevos takes a deep breath "We must send a diplomatic team to alleviate their fears of an alien invasion and we must introduce them to the galactic society"

"So we'll be seeing more of these Pyjaks in the years to come?" asks Vasir as a joke "I'll be getting a personal accounting of the battle for the Sol system from Lieutenant Cinderion tomorrow. Is that all Councillor's?"

"That will be all for now." replies Tevos

Vasir takes her chance and leaves. Leaving the Councillor's to their discussion. On a personal level, she wants to meet these new aliens who had put fear into the Council and smashed a Turian fleet. But she also felt a little scared. If this new race could scare races that have been in space for more than 2000 years before these, what can they do?

She enters the elevator to head out of the Citadel Tower and down to the Presidium. Alongside her are a few diplomats from the other races. Alongside the news reports.

"_This just in" says a beautiful Asari voice over the news "The race that the Turian Hierarchy has failed to invade has been named. They are known as Humanity or Humans. A pre-mass effect technological society that has managed to match the power of a Turian Expeditionary fleet and win. What will become of this new and mysterious race? What will happen next? Stay tuned for further news, this is __the __Citadel News Net"_

Vasir stood there, contemplating if the voice of that Asari has a great body to go with it. But she knew that even if it did, she wouldn't be interested. But it didn't stop her from admiring the art work.

"I heard that the Humans had the Turians against the wall, the Turians have even mobilized for a full-scale war!" exclaims a Salarian diplomat

"I have word from the Hegemony, that should these primitives invade we will help with the defense says a Batarian diplomat, no doubt trying to get a piece of this new race for his own kind. Scum bags.

"From what we can tell that will not be necessary. It's was their home system and they don't have FTL yet. I seriously doubt they could invade" replies a Turian diplomat, the disgust evidently clear in his voice at the absurd suggestion.

"Confused response: Even so, they managed to defeat a Turian fleet. Without mass effect technology." the Elcor diplomat takes a deep breath and shifts his stance slightly. "What does that say about their capabilities?"

"I __-breath-__ have to agree with my __-breath-__ Elcor compatriot. Nevertheless, the Vol Protectorate will be __-breath-__ ready to aid in whatever capacity __-breath-__ necessary" states a Volus diplomat proudly.

This sort of talk would be going on for the next 10 years if history is anything to go by. Vasir face-palmed at the diplomats. Did they have nothing better to do? The Council is already on the matter and they decide what is going to happen. Not these idiots.

2. Chapter 2: Interview II

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****AN:** ****Hello my minio-** I mean readers. So after 11 hours of posting my first chapter I'm pleased to say that I've received 864 views, 29 reviews, 43 favourites and 64 followers. I didn't expect it to be that much so soon. But the love is much appreciated.

To answer many of your statements and questions, I would urge you to wait and see. If I tell you know then where is the suspense, wonder and mystery? The UNSC will be the face of Humanity and by the Halo definition, be without outside influence. I think in a debate within the Assembly that they state Humans are not likely to accept outside influence and therefore guide them unseen.

Forerunners and Covenant will exist within this universe, but when and where is yet to be seen (By you, I of course know when and where. Muwahahahahaha!). I'm also going to thank those of you who pointed out some of my mistakes within the first chapter, your insight is much appreciated. When I attempted to proof read I was a bit lazy. Please forgive me I was tired at the time.

Enough! Chit-chat time is over, we must go on with the show!

****Mass Effect: Intertwined History****

****Chapter 2: Interview II****

"_They've landed? Well, deploy the ODS'T's then! Time to show these bastards the meaning of Hell!" Admiral Peterson, First Contact War_

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****Date:** ****Next Day, 2180 CE**

****Location:**** The Citadel, C-Sec HQ

She can't put up with it. Not any more.

The only thing that anybody has talked about for the past few days is the newcomers on the galactic stage. It has been such big news that her date last night couldn't shut up about them. So much in fact she left without saying a word and headed straight to her apartment on the Presidium and went to sleep, if only to get herself some rest for

the next day.

Personally, she is just as interested in these newcomers as everyone else. But she knows to take her mind off it and focus on something else. If only to ignore the problem or to at least get something done. As she walks through the C-Sec HQ, she mentally curses that her job is to find out as much as possible from the highest ranking survivor of the conflict. Oh the irony.

So far, she has deduced that the Turians had their scaly hides handed to them by the Humans. But she needs to find out exactly how they fought, when they hit and where in the Turian formations. She had grown up being taught that no species had a stronger military than the Turians. That nobody could match their discipline, their bravery, their courage and most of all their overwhelming power. That had changed within a week of warfare in the mysterious star system known as Sol.

She walks into the Interrogation room and seals the door behind her as per protocol. Turning to see Lieutenant Cinderion with his hands clasped together and leaning forward on the desk.

"Spectre Vasir, I'm ready to give my full accounting of what happened in the Sol system" he says

"Every detail that you can remember?" she pries

"Every scrap I can scrounge up in my memory" he sighs "It's not the best moment in Turian military history but . . . it needs to be heard and analysed if we are to learn anything from it." Cinderion admits, in defeat

"Very well" Vasir sits down opposite Cinderion again "I trust you have been treated well? I've heard that the Turian military is looking for someone to blame for the failure"

Cinderion's face remains the same. Perhaps he knows what will become of him? Perhaps not it doesn't matter.

"I'm . . aware . . of what will probably await me" he takes a deep breath "I did what I could with the time that was given to me, can anyone else have done better?" he asks to no one in particular.

"Doesn't matter, what's done is done" she stays silent for a moment "Are you ready Lieutenant?"

"Yes" he replies with a quick nod "I'm ready"

She switches on the recording application of her omni-tool and leans forward.

****Lieutenant Cinderion, when you entered the Sol system. What happened after?****

Well, as I stated before. We began Turian standard operating procedure and began to scan the system. Shortly after . . about 5 minutes actually, we realised we had accidentally destroyed an alien outpost that was situated on the presumed moon. Which was in fact a mass relay encased in ice.

**Yes, those deaths were unavoidable, due to the mass relay activating on it's own via the signal from the other relay you came from. How did you meet Humanity?**

We detected radio signals coming from almost every planet and moon in the system. We decided to send out a signal to hopefully belay their fears. We remained in position to hopefully show we were not hostile.

**How long did it take for a message to be received? From the Humans I mean.**

It took them exactly 5 hours 36 minutes and twenty seven seconds. I know because I was the comms. Officer aboard the Unyielding. It amazed me that they managed to decipher our language and reply so fast. Citadel records show that the fastest known time is when an Asari briefly melds with an individual to learn a language. I remember crewman Kirx being ecstatic about their apparent linguistic skill.

**Okay, so we know that a line of communication had been established. What was said between both parties?**

Well, as I said before we apologized for the incident. We had to explain why and how it happened. They were very cautious to believe us at first. Not long after we began to slowly move closer in system to show our non hostile approach, keeping our line of dialogue open.

As we moved closer in system, we noticed a large number of vessels scattered throughout the system had seemingly lifted off from many of their colonies in system. They were preparing in case things went wrong. Which is understandable, I mean, we Turians did that upon first contact with the Asari and Salarrians.

**What can you tell me about their ships? What's so special about them?**

_Apart from the fact that those ships were at least 1km long? That those ships had seemingly lifted off of planets and moons alike?

_

**You're not serious? Council dreadnoughts are incapable of landing on planets, you expect me to believe that these primitives could do it?**

What you choose to believe is up to you. What I'm saying is that roughly 80 vessels of 1km in length had mobilized and prepared for war. 10 of which met our fleet not far from the 4th planet . . Mars I believe they called it.

Such technical and engineering capabilities amazed us that they could land and take off those vessels from a planets surface. Most off them were in orbit before mobilization however but the prospect remains. They COULD do it.

**And after? How did you learn of their AI's?**

_When we begun to introduce ourselves and what we represent. What our

goals were and what it could mean for them. (Sighs) They introduced themselves. Their military is known as the UNSC. I believe the acronym stands for United Nations Space Command. Their civilian government is represented as the UEG, which I know stands for the United Earth Government._

They introduced their AI's and that's when it went to shit.

**How did you tell them? The dangers I mean.**

General Jihirix exploded, as did the rest of the crew on each and every ship. Jihirix alerted them of the danger and they laughed. LAUGHED. They have been using AI's before they had set up their first extra-planetary colony. They claimed they were safe but we knew, we know different.

When it was obvious that they wouldn't listen, Jihirix declared that what came next was for the good of the galaxy. He gave the order and our fleet opened fire. It was a massacre for the 17 ships that met us. The battle lasted for a few hours as their ships held their ground and waited for reinforcements. Their Carriers tried to stay out of the fight as much as possible while their innumerable fighters pelted us with missiles a ballistic weapons fire.

**At what point did an orbital strike hit one of their worlds?**

The battle over Mars, we deployed troops to destroy an AI housing facility that was disrupting our fleet activities. They responded by deploying troops from orbit in small pods. Not much different from the Armiger legions of the Hierarchy. They were very effective, their vehicles, their infantry. It was astounding. When the troops fell planet side, Jihirix ordered us to fire on the facility and remove the problem quicker.

So many lost souls.

**How many died?**

We lost at least 80 good men and women. From what we could tell and from intercepted transmissions, we had killed over a thousand of them. Well worth the price.

**From reports it says that some, if not most of these were non-combatants. Is that true?**

Turian code dictates that no one is a non-combatant. Everyone is capable of combat in one form or another.

**From what we know, they frown upon such casualties in war time. Do you think that's why they deployed nuclear weapons?**

Not at that point no. When we moved further out system to crush their colonies one by one. I know that at least one of our rounds went deeper in system and hit their home-world. Where. . I'm not sure.

_We fought against another horde of fighters while we tried to battle them above a moon called . . I don't know actually, I know that it had an atmosphere and a foreign environment. The air wasn't

breathable. It reminded me of wait, that's what it's called.
Titan._

Anyway, we fought in that system for three days. Trying to avoid their Carriers, trying to get a hit at their AI facilities. But they caught us off guard. We jumped towards the gas giant Jupiter and they were waiting for us. As soon as we came out of FTL, we were being hit with nuclear weapons left right and centre. It didn't matter where from. That's when I lost contact with Jihirix. After a few minutes of panic I ordered the retreat. Jumping to FTL and leaving via the relay. Leaving warp bombs when we did.

**Hold on, in your earlier reports you stated they deployed Nuclear weapons on a moon known as . . . IO, I believe.**

Yes that's correct. They had an extensive facility there in which they were intercepting our transmissions and disrupting our fleet activities. The largest AI facility we attacked. That was before we retreated further back and started to conquer their larger colonies with orbital supremacy.

When the forces dropped planet side, the largest we performed in the Battle for Sol, we almost won. We dominated their ground forces and routed their Carrier group in its defence. But they would not let it go so easily. Almost immediately after the victory was announced, small fighter craft of theirs flew in and deployed fission weapons before we could intercept them.

(Whimpers slightly) We lost over 5000 men and women in that moment.

That's when we moved further out to push back in systematically, slowly. It would have worked too.

**Fair enough. But I have to say, if you were losing that badly. . . .would you not have deployed nuclear weapons to defend a valuable asset?**

Perhaps, I don't know. Maybe.

All I know is that if we don't deal with them now, I don't even want to think what COULD happen.

**Did your fleet manage to have an account of their remaining vessels?**

It's in my report. I know that out of their 80 Carriers, we managed to destroy at least 2 out of the first confrontation before we had to pull out. We critically damaged one or two in the battle over Io but we were trying to avoid them the best we could. Those ships are very capable, considering how primitive they are. What I'm concerned about is the possibility of them retrofitting them with mass accelerator cannons and kinetic barriers.

They were too much trouble to begin with, their armour is thick and capable of sustaining under 5 minutes of sustained fire from our Cruisers. I'd hate to think if the Council let these aliens live.

_**Well, whether or not they are hostile has yet to be seen. They

have only acted in self-defense like any other being would. Tell me, do you remember what your fleet was made up of?*_

Don't insult me, I knew that better than the scales on my back. The Turian 11th Expeditionary Fleet consisted of 30 Frigates, 19 Cruisers and a single Dreadnought, the Unwavering.

**Good, now is there anything else that stands out? In your opinion of course?*

I've told you everything I know.

Well . . . there may be one thing actually. We did notice that there are no Prothean ruins in their system. I mean from tell tale signs from our records, we couldn't detect anything. The Prothean's have studied all the known sentient races at some point. Proof by the ruins in each races system. Either on the planet or a natural satellite nearby.

Curious.

**Curious indeed. That will be all Lieutenant Cinderion.**

Tela Vasir switches her omni-tool off, satisfied with what she has heard and gathered.

"What now?" asks Cinderion.

"Well, I need to deliver this report to the Council. I may even discover what they plan to do next" she replies as she stands up, moving to leave she looks back "You however, that hasn't been decided yet" she looks down at the floor, looking back up she says "Good luck"

Vasir leaves the room and heads for the nearest transit station. As she waits for an automated taxi. She couldn't get that out of her head. 80 dreadnought sized vessels, of which at least two were destroyed by the Turians. Said vessels had NO kinetic barriers or mass accelerator cannons and still out matched the Turian ships. Well, at least a new ship type would be introduced to space warfare soon enough. The battle alone proved how useful they are.

The taxi arrives and Vasir hops in.

"Council Chambers" she says quickly, not that it will get her there any faster.

(-)[-]

**Location: **Council Chambers

Walking the same path she had yesterday, Vasir makes her way to the Council. To deliver her final report and a job completed. Looking around her, she could see that all of the diplomats were still talking about Humanity, like it was some sort of item.

"I've heard that the Humans used a new type of vessel to rout the Turian Fleet. Carriers I believe" states a Salarian diplomat, his hand under his chin in thought.

"None sense! It was incompetence on the General's part that caused our defeat!" claims the Turian diplomat who vents his anger at his Salarian counterpart.

"Damn Turian pride, these Carriers used dozens of fighters, hundreds even to overwhelm the 11th Fleet." states the Salarian In confidence.

Vasir shakes her head once again, not willing to believe what she sees before her. Were the Humans that scary that the mere mentioning of them causes tensions to flare? Ascending the stairs and coming into earshot of the Council's conversation, she makes her way to the petitioners stand.

"The probe has just reported in" states Councillor Binthus as he taps away at his omni-tool

"Well what did it discover?" asks Councillor Tevos, turning to face Binthus who's face betrays his shock.

"They are . . .sweeping the Turian warp bombs and dismantling them. Quite rapidly and deploying some of their own by the looks of it." says Binthus

"Impossible! You would have to be familiar with our technology in order to do that!" spits Councillor Forvan

"Or . . , you could have an Artificial Intelligence which has the ability to perform tasks at an uncontrollable rate, much faster than a sentient being and relay the method to their makers" says Binthus in a moment of genius.

The fact that they were preparing a defence against what they presume to be a Turian invasion shows remarkable skill, to do it in such a short time. Which is not wasted on the Council.

"Perhaps we underestimated them." says Forvan in defeat, his head lowered in effect.

"Which? The Humans or their AI's?" asks Tevos, her voice dripping with venom

"Both" replies Forvan

There is another moment of quiet contemplation between them as they read through what they know. Perhaps they're trying to find something solid to cling to, or to find a flaw in the Human defenses.

"I think it's time we make a decision" states Tevos, breaking the ice

"What are you thinking Tevos?" asks Forvan, turning to face her.

"Your kind attacked them unprovoked. We have already ordered a cease-fire. But we need to send some diplomats to start negotiations." suggest Tevos, her voice firm in her belief.

"Are you insane? They are preparing a mine field on the other side of that relay and you want to send diplomats into their line of fire?"

asks Forvan

"No, we should send a probe" her suggestion catching their attention
"With a message in Asari, stating that it was a misunderstanding.
That we want to pursue peace"

"The message in Asari would give them pause. To consider their
options at the least" replies Binthus, offering his thoughts.

"But who would we send? Who would be mad enough to head over there?"
asks Forvan, his face showing his confusion clearly.

"I will go" states Tevos "I will go, I won't ask someone to do
something I wouldn't do myself" she says as she taps away at her
omni-tool, issuing the orders to whoever is necessary.

"But they could hold you hostage? You do understand the posi-" Forvan
is cut off however.

"Forvan, I'm an Asari Matriarch, I have more experience in these
matters than most" she says, her voice showing a hint of fear "After
all, my kind is known for it's diplomatic expertise"

Vasir just couldn't believe what she is hearing. Are things honestly
that delicate? That dire? That Tevos herself is volunteering to go
and diffuse the situation. She taps at her omni-tool to upload the
information to the Councillor's terminals, catching their
attention.

"Spectre Vasir" greets Tevos "Now that your mission is over I have a
new one for you"

No, please Goddess no!

"You will be accompanying me on a diplomatic mission to the Sol
system"

"Why me Councillor? Surely there are others who would do better"
replies Vasir, desperately not wanting to be an unknown
situation.

"Don't doubt yourself, you are one of the most decorated and
experienced Spectre's in the galaxy" states Tevos

Vasir sighs, knowing she has no way to escape it now.

"Very well, if that is your decision" Vasir acknowledges in
defeat.

"Right, now we must be as delicate as possible. Or we may lose more
lives in the coming months" says Tevos, her words not a suggestion
but more of an order.

The other two Councillor's acknowledge by nodding. Tevos makes her
leave and Vasir heads out to meet her. Soon enough she would be too
close to comfort with these aliens that have given the Turians a
taste of their own medicine, in warfare of course.

(-)

****AN: ****Well, I forgot to put one of these in at the end of the last chapter so . . . yeah.

Well, I hope that this chapter is good enough for your eyes as it was for mine. Soon enough will be Tevos' meeting with Humanity and what happens next. Well, let me know what you think in the review :)

3. Chapter 3: New Acquaintance's

****Disclaimer:** I do not own Mass Effect or it's inherent themes. Anything in this story is of my own making without the goal of financial gain.**

****AN: ****Hello again my readers. I would like to start this next chapter by getting a point across. First off, I do not want people to think that they can tell me what I'm allowed to do with my story. I am a great fan of both Halo and Mass Effect, I'm trying to merge them but keep their own sides respectively. I am well versed on how things work in both universes, such as ship to ship combat in comparison with UNSC ships and ME ships.

Also, in the year of 2180 in Halo Humanities calendar they had not created MAC's for ship to ship combat. That isn't invented until 2525 or after. I decided to base the space combat around something I would think came before that development. Also the Carriers in the Human-Covenant war are not heard of much because those are mostly at 3km in length. I would assume they are quite expensive to build and therefore why they are uncommon. The Carriers in my story are the right length of a UNSC Cruiser and could have similar MAC's installed if retrofitted appropriately. I'm working in a period where not much is known in Halo Humanities history, so cut me some slack while I try to create a believable set of events. Oh and I know my wikis quite well, so don't make assumptions as to what I already know. On another note, I will keep things as much to scale as possible, Humans have yet to develop some of the stuff in Halo that you know and love.

Now that's over I can thank those of you who have provided support and further aid by noting the mistakes. Your help is appreciated greatly.

FunnyGinger08 â€" Hello there my fellow ginger from across the pond. I haven't read your story so I cannot comment on why you feel you have received less attention. But I will make time to read it in the coming days and provide you some feedback. How does that sound?

Anyway, here is the next chapter you have been waiting for.

****Mass Effect: Intertwined History****

****Chapter 3: New Acquaintance's****

"_Pull back! We have to retreat and warn the Council, the battle for Sol is lost" Lieutenant Cinderion upon assuming command of the 11th Expeditionary Fleet, First Contact War_

****(-)[-]****

****Date:**** 22nd of February, 2180 Human Calendar

****Location: **Near Pluto, 1500 km's from the Mass Relay, Sol System**

Strange, Unknown, Alien.

These words swirled around inside the head of Fleet Admiral Hackett. His fleet, consisting of 20 Carriers situated at a distance that is safe should another force come through but close enough to deploy their fighters en masse. Just short of a week ago he had been appointed the leader of the UNSC forces in the defence of Sol. So much had happened in such a small amount of time. Hell, even the Interplanetary wars lasted longer than this brief battle.

But it wasn't that, it is the fact he has presided over Humanities first contact with an alien species. At least that's what he thought at first. But after hours of scientists sweeping the debris fields of what remained of the alien fleet, they have discovered that they belong to more than just a single alien race, but a collective, a Citadel Council.

These aliens demanded that we destroy one of our greatest creations, our AI's and when we refuse they declare war on us and wage genocide to 'protect' their own. A multitude of alien races now have access to the Human home system. He shudders at the thought. Access via these Mass Relays as the AI's had said they are called. He stares at it now, through his command deck's reinforced window. The blue core being kept stable by a pair of rotary circles. The mechanism behind it baffles him. From what he has learned, the aliens depend upon these for travel throughout the galaxy. It represents a significant danger to the Human race, but also the greatest opportunity presented to date.

After hours of mulling over data provided by his ship board AI Churchill. He has a rough idea of what to expect will come from this incident in history. He knew that these aliens rely upon a different style of space warfare. Warfare that could be accepted and adapted for human use. Which is exactly what the scientists are doing now, trying to understand the alien's method of ship to ship combat with these mass accelerator cannons and how we can adapt them for our own use. Alongside these Kinetic Barrier systems which protected them.

The whole situation spelled disaster will be around the corner. An alien race that has been around for over 2000 years. He laughs, knowing that what they had perfected over that time has been proven useless against Human tactics. But the precedent remains, if they invade, he may not be able to stop them. He will try, but it may not be enough. He holds to his hope however, as he may have lost 4 Carriers in the confrontation, but he had made them bleed ten times worse.

Hackett holds his head low for a moment. Remembering the lives lost in the brief conflict. More would follow if he didn't have his head screwed on right when the time came. More people would be bombed. . . .like his family. His daughter who had just managed to get into college, her life disintegrated within a second when the aliens, the Turians fired at the city on Mars.

He can't let it cloud his judgement, but he can let it fuel his

drive, his rage should he need to use it.

An alarm rings out.

"Status!?" he shouts at no one in particular.

Churchill materializes on the holographic display on the railing beside him. It's image, it's personality as much like Winston Churchill's as possible.

"Sir, it seems something is coming through the relay"

"Battle stations! Order the fleet to deploy all fighters and await my order!" Hackett barks, walking over to his tactical map of this area of space. "Maintain order and remain in a secure distance from whatever comes through that damn thing!"

For moments the entire fleet launched it's full compliment of fighters. Armed with as much ordnance as possible, a few equipped with Nuclear payloads. Over 2500 fighters have been deployed and ready for war. He only hopes that the rest of the fleet is as ready as he is. They should be, if the battles previous hadn't readied them then he didn't know what will. A flash of energy snaps from the relay at a small object, followed by nothing else.

"Sir!" shouts an comm. Operator "Incoming message on all frequencies! In another language sir!"

Already!? Another race is here to play with our civilization?

"Translating it now sir" says Churchill, it's heavy British accent keeping Hackett calm.

The alien dialect slowly begun conversion into English, hitting Hackett's ears with a dreadful static noise as it did.

"_...repeat, this is a message from the Asari Republics to the Human race. We are not here on hostile intent, repeat a non-hostile diplomatic mission."_ said the vaguely Human sounding voice, he couldn't tell if it is the translation software however or the aliens actual accent.

"_We are here to broker a cease-fire between you and the Turian Hierarchy"_

The message kept playing, repeating as he ran scenarios in his head. Could this be true?

"_We want peace. Not war, what happened was a great injustice upon your kind. We are here to rectify that and broker a peace between your two races"_

He continued to think it through. Could he trust a being, a race he hadn't met before?

"_The next vessel to come through the relay is a single, diplomatic ship. Carrying one of our high level diplomats. We urge you to not open fire, the ship is not armed"_

He stares at the relay in disbelief. Is this really happening, right now?

"Sir, from what we have deciphered, these _Asari _are the diplomatic figures in the collective. We can assume a multitude of things but . . it could be a trap" states Churchill, taking a drag of it's cigar. Such a pointless action.

He does it. He makes a leap of faith that his training screams at him to deny himself. Something that could endanger the defence of the system. But he has to, for the sake of his soldiers, for the sake of every human in existence.

"Get a squadron of fighters over there to guide them in!" orders Hackett We have a chance to stop this before it gets out of hand, I'll be damned if I go down in history as the fool who passed it up!"

Four fighters speed forward towards the relay, taking great care to avoid the minefield and prepare to escort the vessel. The minefield itself surrounds the relay with over 1000's of mines capable of blasting a Carrier into a rain of debris. Not something that these aliens will want to be subjected to.

He leans forward and clasps his hands together, silently hoping that he made the right choice.

(-)[-]

**Codex Entry**

**Ship Type " Carrier**

"_Another way the Humans have shaken our foundations"_

When the Turian Hierarchy entered the first contact war with the Human race, it became subjected to naval warfare on the Humans terms. The Turian Fleet being composed of Frigates, Cruisers and even a single Dreadnought, were facing a ship they had never encountered before. They engaged the largest number of fighters in known history that were being deployed from vessels which were as large as a Dreadnought.

The Humans used this to their advantage, keeping the Carrier's out of the fight and deploying, refuelling and rearming their fighters from a safe distance and matching, if not out performing the Turian fleet in it's capacity for war. Being able to harass, halt and even turn the tide of battles from a safe distance these vessels showed Human ingenuity to the galaxy upon first contact.

The Carrier is predicted to take a larger role in naval warfare because of it's capability in fleet support. Many even suggest that it will be entered into the Treaty of Farixen, to limit it's effect just as with the Dreadnought. The Council races have begun construction of their own Carriers to match Humanities ingenuity in warfare.

(-)[-]

**Date: **2180, several hours after Council Meeting.

****Location: **Human Home System, otherwise known as Sol**

Tela Vasir stood in the cockpit of the ship, the ARV Seloria, to observe as much as she could about this species before they have further interactions or even a meeting. She feels nervous, knowing that she is being thrust into an unknown situation angers her, it scares her. She hopes that if battle is what comes next, she receives a quick death.

Staring out of the cockpit window, she sees the multitude of spectrum's that are usually invisible to the naked eye. So beautiful, so chaotic. That is dragged from her view as the ship leaves FTL and emerges into the Sol system. Seeing nothing but the stars in the distance and even the luminosity of Sol itself, Vasir shudders, knowing that a test of her very being is coming.

She watches as the cockpit crew work their instruments and begin detecting the minefield placed by the Humans. . . . Alongside the enormous screening force that lay in wait. The sensor instruments are clogged so full of incoming information that they risk being damaged from overworking.

"Incoming message from the Humans!" declares the Comm operator beside Vasir

Vasir leans in to read and hear the message as it's received. The operator taps away at the holographic keyboard, relaying the message throughout the ship so that the Councillor and the Captain can hear the response. To everyone's shock it is in the standard Asari dialect, without a flaw.

"_Asari vessel, hold position and await the designated escort. You will be guided through the minefield so that proper talks can be made. Do not deviate from escort or activate systems other than your propulsion. If you do, it will be seen as an act of war."_

The entire situation unfolding before Vasir almost made her knees tremble, almost. She has seen enough battle, conflict and confrontation to be steeled for this. But it still unnerves her how they are understanding languages so well. Then she remembers they use AI, the key to a lot in this conflict. She watches out the cockpit window as 4 Human fighters quickly come into view and perform a manoeuvre that would shear a fighter of that size in half if it didn't utilize element zero, which they don't.

The fighters come alongside the ARV Seloria in perfect formation, two in front and the other two must be behind. She looks at the sensor array and it confirms her assumptions. Satisfied with the current situation, she swivels on her heel and heads towards the CIC, towards the Councillor. As she enters the CIC she takes note of how each and every crew member taking their jobs seriously. Recording all reports from instruments as they proceed closer and closer towards the human fleet from the debris field. No doubt under orders to gain as much accurate Intel on the Humans as possible.

"Yes, I'm aware of what has taken place Admiral Hackett." responds Tevos as she leans on the railing overlooking the galaxy map. Which displays their position perfectly.

Just on the borders of Citadel Space, on the edge of the Skyllian Verge. A very delicate place to exist indeed. Surrounded by the lawless zones and the Turian Hierarchy, these Humans sure have shit enough luck.

"_And you expect me to believe that this was a military accident? That thousands of Human lives were extinguished early because of some . . . Superstition!" _replies the Human Admiral, his anger very clear in his voice.

"We can go over these facts in a more personal manner if you wish. A meeting in person. You can dictate the terms of the meeting" offers Tevos in a shocking move, allowing the Humans to dictate the meeting parameters?

The Human obviously took great consideration into the matter.

"_Very well, I assume you have some form of personal transport?" _asks the Human Admiral

"Yes, we do. Small enough to fit into one of your hangars I believe" replies Tevos, she takes a deep breath.

"_Follow the escort in, they will take you to your landing zone. You are allowed no more than three personal guards is that understood?" _orders the Human Admiral, with a gracious offer considering the circumstances.

"And my aide, if you wouldn't mind" Tevos asks, a ballsy move if Vasir ever saw one.

"_I expect no more than five of you to disembark your transport, we will open fire if there are more. Hackett Out"_ orders the Human Admiral.

Vasir has never been in such a delicate situation. Sure she has fought to prevent disasters that threaten worlds and even entire ecosystems but never before has she been on a mission that decides the fate of an entire civilization alongside it's entire solar system. The gravity of the situation is not lost on her, she inwardly promises to her duty to the Galaxy and the Council. Nothing more and nothing less. This very moment in history could be what she is remembered for.

"Spectre Vasir, are you ready for our meeting?" asks Tevos, standing up straight.

Vasir flares her biotics in her left hand which balls into a fist and arms her pistol for effect.

"I'm ready to do whatever is necessary Councillor" replies Vasir in her usual, cold manner.

"Just remember, you need to keep that level head you are known for" says Tevos as she descends the ramp to the galaxy map "We need to head down to the cargo bay" Tevos taps at her omni-tool "Captain Deloria, I need two of your best crewmen to accompany me aboard the Human vessel"

"Where's your aid?" asks Vasir, holstering her pistol.

"Down with the transport, where we need to be in 3 minutes or we miss our window" says Tevos, her manner more of an order than a suggestion
"Let's go"

(-)(-)

Codex Entry

Human First Contact War

Just 10 years after the Human Interplanetary Wars, known as the Human Unification Wars by the rest of the galaxy, The Turians opened a relay under Council orders into a previously unknown system. Upon entry into the Sol system, the Turians were quickly introduced to the Human UNSC. After discovering that Humans use Artificial Intelligences extensively, the Turians panicked and opened fire without provocation.

The resulting week long war was fought on a dozen of moons throughout the Sol system and the Turians had managed to get as close to Earth as Mars. Mars being the first ground battle in the short war, saw the deployment of Turian forces against Human forces for the first time. The Humans, having similar doctrines to warfare as the Turians replied in earnest with a wide manner of weaponry, vehicles and tactics. One such instance being the deployment of ODST's. The first of their kind outside of the Turian Hierarchy.

The Turians, being matched and beaten by their own tactics were forced to result to other methods. Striking at key locations which held strategic importance such as the AI facility on Mars and Jupiter's moon Io, they begun a campaign of swift dominance. Being able to jump towards and away from battle, a privilege the Human ships did not have at the time, the Turians performed hit and run tactics similar to Asari doctrine.

The Humans, under attack by a previously unknown threat resorted to Nuclear bombardment, in naval warfare and in ground side engagements where the Turians were winning or had already won. This did little to falter the Turian General but the decisive strike by the Human defence was when they intercepted the Turian fleet as they came out of FTL near Jupiter. They became overwhelmed by conventional ordnance and nuclear bombardment which decimated their fleet.

The Turians retreated and to this day is the largest naval defeat in Turian history. Much animosity remains over the conflict in due part to the Turians attempt to dictate terms upon Humanities way of life and the slaughter of thousands of innocent civilians via orbital bombardment from Turian vessels. Reparations are still ongoing from the conflict from the Turian Hierarchy to the offended party, the Human race. This does little to ease tensions however and many fear the outcome of another Human-Turian confrontation, given the rapid rise of Humanity on the galactic scene.

(-)(-)

**Location: **Meeting room, On board the Human Carrier No Mercy

After the aliens landed in the hangar bay not just 10 minutes ago,

Hackett had been confronted with something he never thought likely and is still struggling to grasp. These Asari are so similar to female Humans that it is unbelievable. Of all the possible evolutionary differences that could have happened, these Asari ended up almost the same as a Woman. Almost being the appropriate word, they have these head tentacles that make them stand out. Not to mention their purple/blue skin.

After introductions were made, he led this Councillor Tevos alongside her escort towards the room they currently sit in. His own escort are standing ready at all times, weapons armed and ready but not pointed in their direction to show his willingness to co-operate with the diplomat. They sat at opposite ends of a table, both leaning forward onto it. Ready to 'negotiate'.

"Let's get this under-way shall we?" asks Hackett, waiting for his provided equipment to translate his words into Asari seamlessly.

"Yes, what are your opening remarks Fleet Admiral Hackett?" asks Tevos, bracing herself for a shit storm from a military officer.

"I want to start by saying that Humanity has been wronged, unprovoked." says Hackett, thinking about the lives lost for no good reason "And that we will not stand by while someone dictates to us on how to live, if anything comes through that relay that isn't ours without our knowledge. We will assume it's hostile and it will be destroyed"

The words cut deep into Tevos' mind. Clearly these Humans are territorial creatures, the fact that she is talking to one however, proves that they are not a hostile species.

"Is that understood?" asks Hackett, pointing his finger at the table for effect.

"Yes, Admiral that is understood. We shall take the steps necessary to alert our and by extension the other races the threat they face if they do so" responds Tevos, trying to get past the starter.

"Good, now what are you here for exactly Councillor? What are your goals and what do you expect to come out of our meeting here?" asks Hackett "I could very well be giving your peoples a chance to further gauge the defences in this system. What makes that worth while?"

The questions are not wasted upon Tevos. She cannot truly understand how the Human feels, but she can try at the very least.

"I have come here to prevent the escalation of conflict on the border of Council space. To prevent a full-scale conflict between the Turian Hierarchy and your race" replies Tevos in as neutral a tone as possible "Your system lies on the edge of Citadel space and the border of contested territory for colonization amongst multiple governments"

"You mean territory that has not yet been claimed? Why is that a concern to my people or by extension your own?" asks Hackett, his confusion evident.

"No not unclaimed territory. Many claims have been made but under our

laws, no territory is given unless it has gone through the proper channels and been colonized. As you can imagine, it takes a substantial amount of funding to do so" Tevos takes a breather "This territory is home to unsavoury types and the relay leaves your system open to incursion from pirates and slavers alike. The Turian Hierarchy patrols this region of space to prevent them access into Citadel space. Given your current hostility towards the Turians, I felt it necessary to prevent a war that could weaken both of our states and leave us open to attack from the lawless."

Hackett sat there, trying to take in exactly everything that he has just been told. His system is now open to attack from other races, beings who do not care for laws that more civilised beings follow. It's just a cluster fuck waiting to happen, this relay is the only way in or out of the Sol system and something needs to be done about it.

"I can understand your position Councillor but my people cry for retaliation against the Turians. I'm going to need some sort of offer from them to sate their blood lust." says Hackett "What can you give us to prove you want nothing more than peace? As their representative, you need to make a decision"

Churchill materializes on a pedestal in the centre of the table. His appearance shocking the aliens.

"What my maker is trying to say is, prove to us that war would be the wrong decision"

"Is this one of your AI's?" asks Tevos, a little bit of fear escapes into her voice but she masks it perfectly.

"Yes, the reason the Turian Hierarchy declared war. They warned that they would turn on us, their makers, their gods" replies Hackett "But in the conflict that followed, they proved our AI's loyalty to us as not one single Human life has been lost in history to an AI. Over the one hundred and fifty years we have used them, not a single one"

"In fact, the Turians claimed thousands of Human lives in what we AI's haven't even contemplated in our 150 years of existence. You must see our side of this conflict or fail to succeed where General Jihirix failed" adds Churchill.

Tevos sits there stunned. Not a single life? These Humans show no sign of concern towards their AI's yet the Turians may have made them xenophobic.

"Our interactions with AI have not been as fruitful" states Tevos

"Yes we know, this Mourning War" states Hackett "A war waged before Humanity even reached the stars. Between the Quarrians and their creations, the Geth" Hackett takes a breath and thinks for a moment "The genocide of the Quarrian race to almost extinction, I won't pretend to know what happened in that war but our AI's are safe and have been since their creation"

"A truly remarkable feat, my predecessors have acted rashly in the presence of AI and the Council wants to rectify that problem. What General Jihirix ordered was wrong, he didn't do it with the authority

from the Council or his superiors." replies Tevos

"He went rogue? You expect me to believe that?" asks Hackett "I believe you after a scape-goat"

"I assure you, I do not need one. The Turians may but I'm not here to offer one. They can lie to their people but you and I know different so we must make the right actions" states Tevos, metaphorically extending her hand to the Human

Hackett processes what he's hearing yet again. With significant difficulty.

"I want to believe you I do, but I have been given the rights to act as I see fit." states Hackett "For now . . ." he takes a deep breath "We can agree to a cease-fire. Our dead can be buried and we can repair what the Turians have done"

"The Turians are extending an apology in the form of reparations. They are offering the total sum in damages and more to help ease this problem, but you have control over when and where you want them to arrive after all this is your home" replies Tevos

"I would prefer if we had a middle man" states Hackett

"A middle-man?" asks Tevos, confused at the metaphor.

"What I mean is that your kind delivers the reparations from the Turians. I cannot allow a Turian vessel within the borders of this system, not after what has happened" replies Hackett, his statement showing his firm hand.

"I hope that in the coming months our peoples can get to know each other better" states Tevos "It will take time to mend the wounds that have been dealt but . . . all I can offer at the moment is the promise of a cease-fire. What comes after is up to your kind and the rest of the galaxy. I hope that it's a bright future, with many great times ahead."

"Very well, I will be setting up a forward operating base on the other side of this relay. Do inform whoever is waiting on the other side because it will now belong to the UNSC, that is none negotiable if you want the cease-fire to exist" orders Hackett, seizing the opportunity.

"Done, we will be transmitting the appropriate information over to your vessel before we leave. To help you better understand the state of the galaxy. Laws and regulations that the Citadel races abide by, which from what we can tell are very similar to your own." replies Tevos happily.

Hackett, for the first time in the past week, feels a weight lifted from his shoulders. Whether these Asari were being honest or not was another matter. But she has given him hope that there doesn't need to be an interstellar war. No need for countless lives to be thrown into the grinder. Hope sustains Humans during times of strife, a trait that has served us well so far.

"Very well. We will not be perform hostile actions against the Turians at this time. But we will be preparing should war come to our

shores" replies Hackett "Take word to your government that we want peace if it can be attained. If not then they had better prepare for war" Standing up Hackett offers his hand across the table.

Hesitating for a second but remembering from their first greeting that it's a friendly gesture she accepts. Grabbing his hand and shaking she feels that a war has just been avoided, that lives have been saved. The very reason she wanted to be a politician, to curb the bloodymindedness that so many fall into.

They both share a smile, almost as if they have become fast friends. It's just their nerves letting go of the fear that has gripped them for the past few days. But Tevos inwardly wonders what will this species accomplish? Did she make the right choice? After all, she is trading where no Councillor has before.

But the most important question of all, is what effect will Humanity have on the Galaxy?

(-)(-)

**AN: **Hello there. I don't know what your thinking right now but ill try to guess. This chapter may feel a bit odd. Mainly because it doesn't follow what most crossovers in this genre do. Demands from everyone involved. But I hope I portrayed their characters well enough. Do you like how I put in the codex entries? What did you think of the Chapter? Also, for those who do notice, are there many mistakes in this chapter?

Let me know in the review and as always take care of yourselves.

End
file.